

PS 3511  
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1909







# A LOVER'S ROSARY



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*"Omnia Vincit Amor"*



NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON  
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1909

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## CONSECRATION

THESE beads of rhyme, though rough and poor they  
be,—

Lack-luster, glimm'ring by reflected beam,  
Unworthy minstrels to exalted theme,  
Ill-strung on thread ill-twisted clumsily,—  
Are, yet, the first-fruits of my love for thee.  
Take them, divine one, take them, thou God's dream  
Incarnate in sweet womanhood, nor deem  
Them all unfit to be Love's rosary.

Giver of joy that slayeth fear and pain,  
Dear tender sovereign of my life and fate,  
Stoop from thy throne in my heart's shrine, and deign  
To let thy gentle soul inviolate  
Hearken unto my kneeling soul's refrain—  
That soul to thee I humbly consecrate.

## A LOVER'S BEADS

UPON a filament of love I string  
A lover's loving thoughts, then bid them cling  
About one woman's heart, thus girdled 'round  
By thread of silence strung with beads of sound.

## THE PRELUDE

THIS is the story of my love for thee  
From that dear moment when my rev'rent eyes,  
Wond'ring, beheld thee, and a glad surprise  
(I know it now: it is borne home to me;  
But then I sensed it only dreamily)  
That I my dream-god now might idolize,  
My angel sent in pity from kind skies  
To make me live my life more worthily,

Stole softly through the body's fleshly sheath  
Into the man's soul waiting underneath  
For some sure pledge of immortality.  
It came: great love shall conquer time and death,  
And loving lips that breathe farewell to breath  
Shall whisper password to eternity.

## AFFINITY

**A**LIKE in force, in key, in spirit-tone,  
Two atoms, flung afar in trackless space,  
Outstrip the light-lance by the Sun-God thrown—  
And love-drawn souls at last meet face to face.

## THE MEETING

WHEN first we met I did not understand,  
I did not fully know what thou wouldst be  
When love's sure knowledge came at last to me:  
Yet, in that instant when I touched thy hand,  
From out the past some subtile, unseen strand  
Wherewith I once had been fast bound to thee  
Tightened about my heart right suddenly,  
And premonition's bridge the future spann'd.

Prescience or intuition? This I knew,—  
Strangely, yet surely,—that thy path and mine  
Had touched, would touch again, would intertwine,  
Merging, perchance, in one. I held the clue  
Of joys long dead, of joys to bloom anew—  
Held it, but knew not that I held Fate's sign.

## PREMONITION

HERE are moments when each human soul hath  
listened

For a voice in the deep sea of silence drowned;  
And some coming thought, by spoken word unchristened,  
Hath passed o'er it as the shadow of a sound.

## THE FIRST PARTING

I WENT from out thy presence back to life  
And common things of life and ev'ry day,  
Half-forced, half-willing humbly to obey  
The swift thought-current, which, with mem'ries rife,  
My soul reft from its peace to days of strife,  
Whirled it o'er pools of pain, deeps of dismay,  
Foamed through the darkened past, the future gray,  
And bore me ever nearer thee—my wife!

So the prophetic fingers of the past  
Strayed o'er the keys of long-forgotten days,  
Evoking melodies my heart half knew  
In some vague fashion, but could not hold fast—  
Like faint and far-off notes heard through a maze  
Of other sounds—who knows if false or true?

## LOVE-FEAR

THE fear of God? Nay; 'tis a little fear:  
The strong soul dreads not wrath, and looks above  
The sword to its desire. Ah! far more deare  
The fear that goeth hand-in-hand with love.

## THE INTERLUDE

**L**ONG time I quelled the craving of my heart,—  
Heart-hungered by the sweet allurements of thee,—  
Long fought love's madness and for sanity,  
For duty, for ambition, for the part  
I longed to play in life. Ay, from the start,  
I sought to break the spell of destiny  
That drowned my will and wishes like a sea—  
O fool, to match man's mind against Love's art!

So, at the first, I feared thee, feared thy power;—  
I, with the nomad's dread of curb or chain;—  
For I was free,—no passion snared my will,—  
And knew that when Love came his mingled dower  
Would be close-fettered ecstasy and pain,  
His mandate to wild life-waves, "Peace, be still!"

## FATE

**P**AIRED, torn apart by cataclysmic change,  
Whirled to the ends of space; naught can estrange  
The twinned souls harking back, love-bound, yet free;  
For Lord Love's other name is Destiny.

## THE NEXT MEETING

AGAIN I saw thee, passing in a crowd  
Of men and women. Gracious, sweet, serene,  
Thy grace-crowned head erect, thine eyes' soft sheen  
Ennobling where it fell. My manhood bowed  
In homage to thee, rising, strong and proud,  
To meet its queen, as, tense and clear and keen,  
Swift knowledge smote me that, by ways unseen,  
My love had come, and asked to be endowed

With life's love-broken bread and spirit's wine.  
Thou didst not have to ask, dear: all was thine,  
And waited but thy coming to give thee  
Heart-adoration, soul-idolatry,  
The worship that was thine when time was young,  
That shall be thine when Love's last song is sung.

## THE MOON-MAGNET

THE Ocean does obeisance to Night's Guest;  
The tides, her face adoring, swell and swoon;  
And love-tide leaping in a lover's breast  
Floods 'neath the silvern silence of the moon.

## THE WALK

**A**T last we walked together, thou and I,  
Beneath soft benison of kindly moon;  
And, to my fancy, the night seemed to swoon,  
Enraptured of thee—earth and air and sky  
Did homage. And thy lover's heart was nigh  
The breaking-strain to tell thee (over soon,  
O love?) how he of life asked just one boon—  
The right to sing to thee love's lullaby.

Ay, 'midst the glamour and the witchery  
Of that dear hour, I dared dream thou wouldst be  
My very own, that some night I should keep  
Close watch and ward o'er all thy beauty's charms,  
Luring thee gently to dim shores of sleep  
Within the cradle of my loving arms.

## A LOVE-WORD

**B**Y mother given when on loving breast,  
Crooning, she rocked her baby to warm rest;  
What sweeter sound to lover ever fares  
Than the fond, childish name his love-queen bears?

## MY LADY'S NAME

**M**INE own, I prayed once for a name for thee,  
Fond, tender, scintillant with joy, heart-wrought  
In glowing beauty on fair loom of thought;  
A love-wove word, attuned to melody;  
With fragrance fecund; keyed to harmony  
Of wondrous color; sweet with sweetness caught  
From all sweet sights and sounds; and breathing naught  
But the hymned praise of my idolatry.

Ah! to the great Lord Love I made my prayer  
For that dear word; and, lo! from out the gloom  
I heard his wings fan in the silent room.  
He touched my heart, then spoke: "The name is there."  
"What is it, Love?" I asked. The answer came:—  
The God sighed softly as he breathed thy name.

## LOVE'S WOOING

THE Love-Lord to my Lady's heart laid siege,  
By making full surrender of his own.  
His gracious captor, now his sovereign liege,  
Gaoled Love for life in her heart's cell, alone.

## THE COURTSHIP

**L**OVE wooed thee for me. Dumb my secret lay,  
Close-caverned in my heart—laired in the dark,  
The night of silence. Even so the lark  
Enshrines beneath warm breast-plumes' soft array  
The potency of song, which shall obey  
The wak'ning summons of the Dawn's first spark.  
So my dumb heart obeyed its hierarch,  
When night of silence blossomed to love's day

Beneath compelling glory of thy glance,  
Which sought the deep-hid secret in its lair.  
Then tongue and eyes—the heart's fond sycophants—  
Clamored my adoration and my prayer  
To sweet, white soul of thee who art to me  
My life's high hope, my spirit's destiny.

## LOVE-LIGHT

**F**AIR is the dawn's rose bloom in wak'ning skies,  
Fair is the star-gleam when day fades afar;  
But sweeter luminance than sun or star,  
The tender love-light in one woman's eyes.

## MY LADY'S EYES

CLEAR wells of liquid tenderness and light;  
Seas for the soul to bathe in wond'ringly;  
Pools of twin raptures where charmed Love may see  
The simulacrum of himself, grown bright  
In those fair mirrors. Oh! supreme delight,  
To plunge my soul in loving ecstasy  
Through thy sweet eyes into sweet depths of thee—  
Deeply fragrant, soft and warm as summer night.

O Love, I love the casements of thy soul,  
Whence thy soul's lamp's pure radiance flings its bar  
Of love-light to me, and thy heart's sweet fire  
Shines into my heart's dusk, illumines the scroll  
Of life with glow of my life's avatar—  
Born of an angel's love, a god's desire.

## UNTOLD

ILLIMITABLE sands of love, each grain  
A love-word subtly wrought of joy and pain;  
But under Love's unfathomable sea  
Elusive shift the sands for thee and me.

## THE HEART'S HANDICAP

DEAR mine, I can but feed thee love's small grains:  
I cannot tell thee all:—that may not be:—

The fondest secrets in Love's treasury  
Lie in the inmost vaults, where silence reigns;  
And Love, the keeper, to no lover deigns  
To give the mystical, word-warded key  
That can unlock the vast vocabulary  
Of sequent soul-speech that Love's soul contains.

So, though I strive to mint each thought intense  
Into fair coin of words, the impotence  
Of language blurs the heart's idolatry;  
And love's last secret will be secret still  
Until the veil of flesh be rent, until  
Thy soul to mine cries, "Open, Sesame."

## LOVE'S SACRIFICE

THE savor of burnt-offering, the smoke  
Of altar-fires since man first awoke  
To life have risen to the gods above;  
But Love doth sacrifice love's self to love.

## ANTITHESIS

**M**Y love for thee is holy, high and pure:  
Its very pulse of fire is sacred flame,  
White and uplifting, free from spark of shame,  
Clean as the thoughts thy fond heart doth immure  
In its sweet casket. And, of this be sure:  
If love for thee called down the world's shrill blame,  
And scorn and danger threatened name and fame,  
I would but make the love-links more secure.

Ay! I can find the hot wish in my heart  
That this life passion were a splendid sin,  
A deathless crime, a soul's eternal bane  
And bar to heav'n; for I would stand apart  
From man and God thy soul to enter in,  
And brand me for thy sake with mark of Cain.

## VICARIOUS ATONEMENT

WHAT lover worthy of the sacred name  
But would endure the stripes, the cross, the shame,  
The pains of death and endless fire of hell,  
To shield one soul not wisely loved, but well!

## LOVE'S COMPROMISE

DEAR, I would suffer for thee. I would fain  
Unto myself from thee all sorrows take,  
The hurts that hurt the flesh, the spirit's ache.  
With my heart's lips I'd suck from thy heart's vein  
The venom of the poisoned fangs of pain.  
Grief should not touch thee, though my heart should  
break  
With doubled torments,—sweet for thy sweet sake,—  
Nor life endure the added torture's strain.

Ah! the wish may not be. Then let me share  
Thy days of weariness, thy nights of care,  
The anxious hour, the times when life goes wrong.  
Into my willing heart let fall thy tears:  
My heart shall redistill them through the years  
Into some soothing sacrament of song.

## A WOMAN'S LOVE

WHAT god shall sing the theme of this great song?  
What angel play it with consummate art?  
What lover pay, in life however long,  
For the devotion of one woman's heart?

## THE QUERY

WHY shouldst thou love me? What am I to thee,  
Thou fair and fragrant flower of womanhood,  
Thou sweet epitome of ev'ry good,  
Thou apotheosis of ecstasy?  
The radiance of thy love shines out of me  
As from a jewel set in some black wood—  
Thy heart in mine. Sweet Heart, hast understood?  
Thou pearl encased in lusterless ebony!

I am so poor in all things save our love,—  
So rich in that and thee,—so lacking of  
Each attribute thy fancy to ensnare,  
Such misfit for thy beauty ev'rywhere.  
Once more:—Why dost thou love me? Dost thou know?  
Dear, is it not because I love thee so?

## LOVE-TROTH

UNSPONSORED by a vow or spoken word,  
By mortal ear unnoted and unheard,  
The pledge of passion speeds to the heart's goal;  
Love's troth is writ in silence on the soul.

## THE BETROTHAL

I LOVE to think we were betrothed that day  
When thou, love-luring in thy loveliness,  
Didst greet my eyes, and, soft as a caress,  
Thy shy glance touched my face. I felt the sway  
Of Fate's prophetic prelude to love's lay  
Thrill through my being, then a vague distress  
As my stirred spirit broke from life's duress  
To seek and greet thine own. They met half-way!

Our souls' betrothal, dearest! After, came  
Clasped hands, joined hearts, pledge of the sacred name.  
Then,—thing of wonder and of mystery,  
Dream-joy beyond fond hope's imagining!—  
I was that vassal, bond and serf to thee,  
Became thy heart-lord and thy love-crowned king.

## LOVE'S MOUTH

**A**IR love-wrought portal whence escape love's sighs,  
Carved, scarlet doorway of shy, tender speech,  
Arched gate of laughter and caressing cries  
That bid love-hungered lips meet each on each!

## THE FIRST KISS

THOUGH I in life all other joys should miss,  
Lo! I have had one moment gemmed with all  
The gems of joy. O moment past recall  
By God Himself! who cannot alter this  
Undreamed of rapture, unimagined bliss,  
When first I held my Lady's lips in thrall  
'Neath mine own lips, and—at her Love-Lord's call—  
Her mouth's bud blossomed into that first kiss.

My blood stood still that instant, then sped fast  
Through glad, rejoicing veins to tell my heart--  
Her panegyrist and encomiast—  
How I from all men had been set apart  
By her mouth's chrism; and each pulse, mad with pride,  
Thrilled through the body her kiss deified.

## TRUE LOVE

**H** DAWN of tender and uplifting light;  
A fierce high-noon with dazzling splendor bright;  
An aftermath of quiet joys' soft sheen;  
A night wherein Hope's pole-star shines serene.

## THE ANSWER

### I.

HOW do I love thee? Even as a child  
Loves the sweet mother on whose gentle breast  
He seeks for pity, comfort, and the rest  
Of warm, enfolding arms that soothe the wild,  
Unmotivated fear that thrills him, till beguiled  
By siren voice, by tender hands caressed,  
Of life's sharp ache his heart is dispossessed  
And he, in sleep, with life is reconciled.

How do I love thee? Even with the love  
Of a true woman to whom love is all  
Of life, not "thing apart," who holds above  
Her honor him for whose sake, past recall,  
She gave it freely, glorying that she  
The louder sang in Love's antiphony.

## THE ANSWER

### II.

HOW do I love thee? Even as a man  
Who shrines one woman in his heart's strong hold,  
Adoring her,—her only,—uncontrolled  
By any law save Love's, begetting plan  
To shape his life to hers, to make fond span  
Of interlacing arms their lives enfold  
In deathless unity—twin souls enrolled  
Upon Fate's love-writ scroll since time began.

How do I love thee? Even as God, who by  
Disintegration of the infinite  
Creates,—His death a birth-pang exquisite,—  
And loves all life—Himself being all. So I,  
Of God a part, love thee, wrought by His art  
From out the most divine drop of His heart.

## LOVE'S EUCHARIST

**O** GOD of Love, be Thou the celebrant  
When lovers break thy wafer, drink thy cup!  
Spread Thou the altar, let their spirits sup  
On mystic bread and wine of thy romaunt.

## THE MARRIAGE-FEAST

**M**Y soul-wife, my one woman, we are one!  
Come close: hearts may not live by bread alone.  
Nay, but the soul lives in the light that shone  
But now in thy dear eyes,—love's risen sun,—  
And my soul dwells with thine till time be done.  
Thou art my nuptial feast,—ay, by God's throne,  
Bread of my life thou art!—thou, my heart's own,  
My love-feast exquisite while life-sands run.

Lo! we are love-athirst. Love bids us drink,  
And 'raptured lips seek the life-flagon's brink;  
For by his necromancy Eros, King,  
The thaumaturgist, the blind god divine,  
Hath wrought a miracle—Oh, wondrous thing:  
The water of dull life is love's red wine!

## TOGETHER

**T**OGETHER! Heart to heart, and hand in hand!  
Forgotten are the longing, the despair,  
The empty arms, the yearning heart's demand.  
Lord Love, this is thine answer to love's prayer.

## THE HEART'S HOME

SUNLIGHT, and moonlight, and the stars' far sheen;  
The mountains, placid river, restless sea;  
The country's quiet, moving pageantry  
Of city's life; the spring's flamboyant green,  
The summer's glory, autumn's bloom, and keen  
Etched frost-scapes marvelous: to thee and me  
These beauties keyed to our love-symphony,  
While high-rayed love-light sanctified each scene.

In that love-hallowed room we first called home;  
Beneath blue arch of the eternal dome;  
In sylvan silences, or crowded mart;  
On throbbing steamer, or on pulsing car;—  
My heart-home, dear, is wheresoe'er thou art,  
Where thou, our love, and I together are.

## SLEEP

LOVE watched the first two lovers till, their breath  
By kisses smothered, they were prey to Death;  
Then, as Night calms the fierce desire of Day,  
Love ordained Sleep, lest too great joy should slay.

## MY LADY SLEEPS

LOVE, Sleep and I watch in the firelight's glow.  
Ah! I have waited all my life to see  
This joy befall. Beat softly, heart, lest she,  
Pillowed so lightly on thee, hear the flow  
Of thy proud, 'raptured tide. O heart, beat low,  
Until Day cometh to rob Sleep and thee;  
Then shalt thou wake her with mad reveille  
Of drumming pulse, while Love and I bestow

Upon her sleep-kissed eyes, her sleep-sweet lips  
Her lover's kiss, which shall end Sleep's eclipse  
And bring her back to Life and Love and me.  
But, hush! this is Sleep's hour; his tryst she keeps;  
And I, her sentinel, watch lovingly  
While, cradled in my arms, my Lady sleeps.

## THE GIFT OF PITY

A WOMAN, heart-wrung, in the dawn of time,  
Mourned o'er life's broken cup, love's death-spilt wine;  
Till Pity touched her hot eyes, scorched with pain,  
And quenched the fire with soothing tears' soft rain.

## THE FIRST TEARS

O ANGEL-WOMAN, teach me to forget,  
As Time unwinds the endless skein of years,  
The heart-pang, barbed with sudden, jealous fears,  
That stabbed me through when first thine eyes grew wet  
With some dead sorrow, some unvoiced regret  
From out the past, ere Love made us compeers.  
Into my soul they fell, thy sweet, hot tears,  
And burned so deep the white scars throb there yet.

I could not help thee;—that I knew full well;—  
But all of life went swiftly out to thee  
In one great wave of silent sympathy.  
My heart ached 'neath thy bosom's troubled swell,  
My dumb lips kissed the warm drops as they fell,  
And dumbly strove to ease thine agony.

## THE ROSES' BIRTH

ONCE Love's Queen slept, and Lord Love kissed her  
breast

And bosom-blossoms rosy as the dawn;

His mouth the petals of her lips caressed;—

And roses, white and pink and red, were born.

## LOVE'S TRINITY

A ROSE of love blooms in my soul for thee,  
Whiter than these white roses that aspire  
To swoon above thy heart, the deep-tuned lyre  
Upon which Eros plays the symphony  
Of a love-lyric sweet as life to me.  
These pink blooms are two breast-dreams of desire;  
The red, deep ruby-bosomed buds of fire;  
All are the roses of love's trinity.

The pink and red will fade with youth's brief day,  
But the soul-flower shall endure for aye,  
The pledge and promise of eternal good;  
White as its emblem, fragrant, fair, serene,  
Pure as the earth-life of the Nazarene,  
Or thine, my rose of stainless womanhood.

## A LOVER'S TOAST

**B**EFORE I drink my love, dear love, to thee,  
I kiss the cup, then plunge my soul therein;  
Now change, so when thy sweet mouth pledges me  
My soul shall enter heaven purged of sin.

## CHATEAU YQUEM

THIS is the vine's soul and the grape's glad gold,  
A sunbeam in solution, a calm sea  
Of golden silence hoarding jealousy  
In amber depths thought-pearls of manifold  
Love rhapsodies. This yellow nectar old,  
Whose subtle fire warmeth amorously  
The heart's red wine, is vinted melody,  
Fermented fragrance, liquid joy untold.

O my High Priestess, this is our love's wine,  
Spilled blood of Amor for his eucharist—  
And thou the celebrant—my heart with thine  
Making communion—thy mouth's ruby cist  
The chalice—lo! the topaz of the vine  
Is transubstantiate since thy lips it kissed.

## THE HOUSE OF JOY

LOVE vainly sought for Joy through endless space;  
But Joy, with cunning and consummate art,  
Had, by my Lady's sovereign act of grace,  
A life-lease taken of her gentle heart.

## LOVE-ABSENCE

WHEN thou art absent all life misses thee.  
Love's sun, o'ercast, strives not to pierce the maze  
Of grief-wrack, and my empty arms amaze  
The darkness that they clasp so longingly.  
Sear leaf and withered petal on Love's lea,  
Dead blossoms on each path by which he strays.  
Hushed the heart's music, sad the hymn of praise,  
The soul-psalm changed to broken threnody.

Then memory fares forth in eager quest  
Of jeweled moments spilt in affluence  
Of time and joy—love's ardors and its calms;  
Dole of close kisses (so Love giveth alms);  
Rich bosom-treasures hoarded to the breast  
That now aches dully in its exigence.

## AMOR—DEITY

**O**MNIPOTENT, omniscient, without flaw,  
The basic will around, beneath, above,  
Through all. Crowned! Regnant! Lo! our God is Love,  
And Love fulfilling of eternal Law.

## A LOVER'S CREED

HOW shall a man by searching find out God? ”  
Ah! I have sought amidst the panoply  
Of gilded fanes where thousands bent the knee,  
And surpliced priests with solemn beck and nod  
The old faint paths of a dead faith retrod.  
But, there and elsewhere, unavailing:  
For me no mandate stilled the storm-swept sea,  
No burning bush bade me approach unshod.

Yet must the craving of the human heart—  
Adrift upon Life's ocean without chart—  
To worship something find way for its will;  
So I sought vainly through the years until  
Love brought me to thy feet, and, kneeling there,  
I found Love's God and to Her made my prayer.

## IDOL-WORSHIP

**R**APTURE of love, its strife and after-calm;  
Bruise of fond lips and lips' repentant balm;  
Adoring, searching senses—endless quest  
Of love-evangels breathed from her sweet breast.

## THE IDOL AND THE ALTAR

I HAVE an Idol and an altar-stone,  
The Idol flawless as a fair, white pearl,  
With soul-light lustrous, luminous with swirl  
Of opalescent gleam, sweet tongued with tone,  
Breeze-borne, of soft-blown heavenly saxophone,  
Crowned with rich, fragrant tresses, whence one curl  
Against her throat's warm ivory loves to furl—  
Sweet with bewild'ring sweetness all her own!

In the groined temple of my inmost heart,  
Behold my Love-God's altar and her shrine:  
The face illumed above them, hers;—yet mine;—  
The kneeling soul that worships, mine, but part  
Of her, since I am hers, her very own  
By right of godship on that altar-stone.

## THE HEART'S CENSER

**R**ED acolyte of Love,—Arch Priest and King,—  
Breathe on the coals, let thy hot censer swing  
Till, pure and high, burneth the sacred fire,  
Sweet with frankincense of the soul's desire.

## THE LOVE-PRAYER

O THOU to whom my spirit bends the knee,  
To whom the incense of my heart doth rise,  
To whom I lift adoring, rev'rent eyes,  
Woman divine, Love-God, Divinity!  
Hear now the prayer thy lover makes to thee,  
Whom with his very breath he glorifies,  
Soul of a sunbeam streaming from far skies  
Where Love is law and Love's soul deity.

By wondrous miracle of love benign  
Cast from my heart that heart's unworthiness,  
Fill it with all a man's heart should possess—  
Then take and keep it in thy heart's pure shrine!  
Hold thou my spirit in thy sweet control,  
And make it fit companion for thy soul.

## LOVE-MUSIC

FROM vibrant heart-strings, pean, hymn and prayer  
On swift-winged notes of song make earth and air  
Thrill to love's list'ning soul with music's bloom  
And rhythmic-petaled melody's perfume.

## THE HEART'S HYMN

**O** WHITE, pure soul with never spot or taint,  
Thou emanation from the Heart Divine  
Which made thee woman and which made thee mine!  
My lover-wife, my tender, dove-eyed saint,  
The sweetness of thee makes my spirit faint  
With joy's excess. I lift my soul to thine,  
Oblation making of my heart's red wine  
In adoration that defies constraint.

Soul of my soul, child-woman fond and fair,  
Thou art life's fragrance and its bloom to me,  
Its light, its color and its harmony,  
Sunshine and star-sheen, vivifying air—  
My priceless pearl of gracious womanhood,  
Incarnate spirit of God's highest good.

## LOVE'S HOPE

THE grave? Nay, fear it not: Love holds the key;  
For Death is but Sleep's brother; and the pall  
That drapes so darkly over each and all  
Is love-raised curtain of futurity.

## A LOVER'S PETITION

O NATURE, Mother, Goddess, hear my prayer!  
This woman hath been joy's epitome  
Unto my soul. She holds my life in fee.  
From fragrant meshes of her warm, soft hair  
To her dear feet, I love her everywhere,  
And fain would shield her from the poignancy  
Of one great grief she cannot bring to me,  
One sorrow I may neither take nor share.

Spare her the pain of seeing my dead face,  
Spare her the waiting and the agony  
Of life bereft, of tears I cannot dry.  
Take her, O Mother! in her trysting-place  
Upon my heart. Then take my memory  
And, out of sweet compassion, let me die.

## THANATOPSIS

LOVE, broken-hearted, kissed Death's frozen lips,  
Then listened for some sign, with bated breath.  
Hope heard these words, "This is but life's eclipse;  
The soul is quickened in embrace of Death."

## IMMORTALITY

WHETHER Death find thee—as I pray he may—  
Close-pillowed in my arms, and thy last sigh  
Breathe on my mouth thy pure soul passing by:  
Whether upon thy loving breast I lay  
My tired head as life-fire fades to gray:  
Whether together, or apart, we die;  
We are of the immortals,—thou and I,—  
And death but dawning of eternal day.

Whither thy heaven, there shall I find bliss;  
Whither thou goest, there I, too, shall be;  
Whether our souls be wed in love's last kiss;  
Whether I go before, or follow thee;  
Such love as ours is fear's antithesis,  
Such love as ours is immortality.

## LOVE'S APOTHEOSIS

**D**EAR, we are gods, and this—eternity!  
Our souls have passed beyond death, time, and space,  
Together cleaving in love's last embrace  
To merge for aye into identity.







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